

THE HISTORY OF THE  
DEATH AND BURIAL  
OF  
COCK ROBIN:

A S

Taken from the original MANUSCRIPT, in  
the Possession of

MASTER MEANWELL.

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LICEFIELD :

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**L**ITTLE ROBIN RED-BREAST,  
Sat upon a rail ;  
Niddle noddle went his head,  
And wag went his tail.



Go, pretty bird, and speed thy flight,  
And give the little girl delight ;  
To *Polly's* window take thy way,  
Who scorns to leave her book for play ;  
Then sing to her the song of truth,  
That love of learning in a youth,  
Is the best virtue ever seen ;  
And makes the lowest like a queen.

( 3 )

Here lies Cock Robin,  
Dead and cold ;



His end, this book,  
Will soon unfold.

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An ELEGY on  
The DEATH and BURIAL of  
C O C K   R O B I N.

**W**HO killed *Cock Robin*?  
I, says the *Sparrow*,  
With my bow and arrow,  
And I killed *Cock Robin*.



This is the *Sparrow*,  
With his bow and arrow.

Who

Who saw him die ?

I, said the *Fly*,

With my little eye ;

And I saw him die.

This is the *Fly*,

With his little eye.



Who caught his blood ?

I, said the *Fish*.

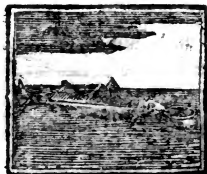
With my little dish ;

And I caught his blood.

This

6      *The* DEATH and BURIAL of

This is the *Fish*,  
That held the dish.



Who made his shroud?  
I, said the *Beetle*,  
With my little needle,  
And I made his shroud.

This

## COCK ROBIN.

7

This is the *Beetle*,  
With his thread and needle.



Who shall dig his grave?  
I, said the *Owl*.  
With my spade and shov'l,  
And I'll dig his grave.

**This**

8      *The DEATH and BURIAL of*

This is the Owl so brave,  
That dug *Cock Robin's* grave.



Who will be the parson?

I, said the *Rook*,

With my little book,

And I'll be the parson.

Here's parson *Rook*,

A reading his book.

Who



# COCK ROBIN.

9



Who will be the clerk ?

I, said the *Lark*,

If 'tis not in the dark,

And I will be the clerk.



*The DEATH and BURIAL of*

Behold how the *Lark*,  
Says Amen, like a clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?  
I, said the *Kite*,  
If 'tis not in the night;  
And I'll carry him to his grave.

Behold the *Kite*,  
How he takes his flight.



Who

## COCK ROBIN.

11

Who will carry the link ?

I, said the *Linnet*,  
I'll fetch it in a minute ;  
And I'll carry the link.

Here's the *Linnet* with a light,  
Altho' 'tis not night.



Who'll be the chief mourner ;

I, said the *Dove*.  
For I mourn for my love ;  
And I'll be the chief mourner.

Here's

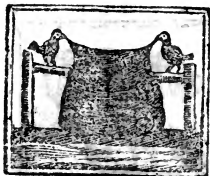


Here's a pretty *Dove*,  
That mourn'd for her love.

Who'll bear the pall ;  
We, says the *Wren*,  
Both the cock and the hen,  
And we'll bear the pall.

See the *Wrens* so small,  
Who held *Cock Robin's* pall.

Who'll



Who'll sing the psalm?  
 I, says the *Thrush*,  
 As she sat in a bush;  
 And I'll sing a psalm.

The

14      *The DEATH and BURIAL of*

Here's a fine *Thrush*,  
Singing psalms in a bush.



Who will toll the bell?  
I, says the *Bull*,  
Because I can pull,  
So *Cock Robin* farewell!

ALL



All the birds in the air,  
Fell to fighting and sobbing,  
When they heard the bell toll,  
For poor *Cock Robin*.

F I N I S.



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